HAVE WE A BOURBON AMONG US?

INTRODUCTORY FROM REV. DR. HAWKS.

NEW-YORK, Jan. 1, 1853.

MY DEAR SIR,—The narrative which accompanies this note was prepared by the Rev. John H. Hanson, a clergyman of worth and ability, and with his permission is forwarded to you for the pages of your magazine.

Of the accuracy of Mr. Hanson's statements it is unnecessary to speak to those who know him; but for the sake of others, it may be well to say that his character and standing are such as to justify entire confidence in any thing he relates as coming within his personal knowledge.

To this I may add that I have seen the documents which he states to be in his possession, and know that he has correctly related what he heard from Mr. Williams; for much of it was repeated in my presence; beside which, Mr. Williams has heard read all that is in the narrative, and has told me that, so far as his statements are given, they are correctly related by Mr. Hanson.

As to Mr. Williams himself, I know him very well. He is a clergyman of the Protestant Episcopal Church whose labors have been, almost entirely, those of a missionary among the Indians. He is in good standing as a clergyman, and is deemed a man of truth among his acquaintance and those with whom he has longest lived. As his character for veracity becomes an all-important question, in considering the very remarkable facts contained in the narrative, Mr. Hanson took great pains in his inquiries on that point; and to that end made a visit to the spot where Mr. Williams had spent many years of his life, and was best known; the result was abundant and satisfactory testimonials, now in Mr. Hanson's possession, that Mr. Williams has always been deemed a worthy and truthful man. I can add to this merely my statement that in all my intercourse with him, I have never found reason to doubt the correctness of his neighbors and acquaintance in their testimony to his character as stated above.

From personal knowledge, I am able to say that there is a remarkable simplicity both of manner and character about Mr. Williams. He possesses an ordinary share of intellectual power; with but little quickness, however, of combination, in grouping facts that bear on a common central point, and without much readiness in deducing conclusions from them; and is incapable of framing a mass of circumstantial testimony, made up of a combination of many isolated facts. To do this, requires genius, and a high inventive faculty.

Indeed, nothing has struck me more forcibly in my frequent conversations with him on the facts embodied in Mr. Hanson's narrative, than his seemingly entire non-perception of the bearing of many of the facts as testimony, and their coincidence with other events known to him, until these were pointed out to him. And sometimes he could not at first be made even then, to comprehend readily the indicated relations. When, however, he did comprehend the relations, his countenance would light up with a smile, and he would say, "I see it now, but I never saw it before."

I have found him uniformly amiable, and gentle in manner, and to all appearance a truly pious man.

In short, a knowledge of the man has seemed to me to be an important part of the story he tells; his temperament, disposition, mental operations, &c., all go to establishing one of the *facts* explanatory of some particulars in the narrative.

Whether the historical problem presented by Mr. Hanson be here solved, is a matter which I will not undertake to decide. The only points of which I would speak with certainty are two:—first, Mr. Williams is not an Indian; and secondly, he is not able to invent a complicated mass of circumstantial evidence to sustain a fabricated story.

No matter, however, what may be the conclusions of your readers, there is interest enough in the narrative to repay the trouble of a perusal.

Yours very truly, FRANCIS L. HAWKS.

GEORGE P. PUTNAM, Esq.

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AT the moment that the star of the Bonapartes is culminating, there is a sad and solemn interest in looking back at the dynasty which preceded in the government of France. The House of Bourbon ascended the throne in the person of the great but unfortunate Henry IV., in the year 1588, but with such undeviating accuracy were the warp and woof of destiny woven, that although the last reigning prince of that line came to the crown in virtue of five applications of the Salique law, he yet combined in his person all claims legal and natural of the Capetine race, and was the true lineal heir of Hugh Capet, whose reign began A. D. 987, and thus brought the imperial drama of 800 years, rounded and perfect to its tragical close.

Louis XVI. espoused Marie Antoinette Josephe Jeane of Austria, a sister of Joseph II., of the Queen of Naples, and of the Duchess of Parma; daughter of the Emperor Francis I., by Maria Theresa, Queen of Hungary and Bohemia. This event occurred in 1770. On the 10th May, 1774, Louis ascended the throne. Marie Therèse Charlotte, the first child of the royal but ill-fated pair, was born Dec. 1778; a second child who died early, was born 1781, and Charles Louis, the Dauphin of revolutionary history, came into the world March 25th, 1785.

The sad history of this child, his beauty, his virtues and his sufferings, are familiar to all. After his separation from his female relatives, and the death of his mother in 1793, he was consigned to the care of Simon the cobbler. By him, he was treated in a manner which disgraced humanity; cold, hunger, filth, sleeplessness, beating, abuse, terror, reduced him to a condition of idiocy. After the fall of Robespierre, and the execution of Simon, his sufferings were alleviated. Under the Convention, a course of timid treachery succeeded to the open brutalities of Robespierre and St. Just. The existence of Louis XVII. was a sore trial for the republicans, who at the same time could frame no excuse, even to themselves, for putting him to death. In Dec. 1794, a decree was passed in the Convention, "that the committee of government should devise the means of sending the son of Louis out of the territories of the republic." On the 9th June, 1795, it was reported to the Convention that he was dead. Three surgeons testified to his death, which was attributed to scrofula. The Duchess D'Angoulême, his sister, gives, from report, in her memoirs, the particulars attending his decease.

Now, did Louis XVII. really die in 1795 as was reported at the time, and generally believed since, or is he still alive and in the State of New-York? If the following statements, which I am authorized by the individual chiefly concerned to make, seem marvellous, let me remind the reader that the remote and individual consequences of such an event as the French Revolution, can scarcely fail to be so, and should no more surprise us than the brilliancy of meteors torn from shattered worlds.

I observed, about two years ago, a paragraph in the papers, stating that facts had recently come to light, which rendered it probable that the Rev. Mr. Williams, of Green Bay, Wisconsin, was no other than Louis XVII.; but as the circumstances on which the statement was based were not mentioned, except that he bore a strong resemblance to the Bourbon family, my curiosity was excited, and I made fruitless inquiries in many quarters, finding no one who could give me the slightest clue to the mystery. In the summer of 1851, being then a resident at Waddington, on the banks of the St. Lawrence, in the State of New-York, I heard that the Rev. Eleazer Williams had returned from the West to St. Regis, a well-known Indian village, a few miles distant, but my informant was unacquainted with his history. I then purposed to pay Mr. Williams a visit at St. Regis, but was prevented by circumstances from doing so, and as I was about to remove, regretted that I should leave northern New-York without obtaining an interview. Accident, however, threw him in my way. Upon entering the cars, on the Ogdensburg railroad, on my way to New-York, in the autumn of 1851, I observed a somewhat stout old gentleman, talking to two Indians in their own language, in a very animated manner, and was much interested in watching the varied play of their countenances while listening to him. He appeared to be very eloquent, used much gesticulation, and worked his hearers into a state of excitement more remarkable, when compared with the usual stolid expression of the Indian face. A gentleman on the seat before me, who was also watching the singular group, said, "He must be a half-breed," for we were all surprised at the freedom with which one of evidently European figure and face, spoke the Indian tongue. It then occurred to me that it was Williams, and on my saying so, and mentioning the mystery connected with his name, the gentleman who had first spoken rose, and asked the conductor, who confirmed my supposition. On hearing this, I introduced myself to Mr. Williams as a brother clergyman, apologizing for not having paid him a visit. I found him friendly and easy of access. He said that

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he had been trying to convince his Indian friends, who were members of the Roman communion, of their errors, and that the poor fellows were much interested in what he had advanced. He was going to Burlington, Vermont, and from thence to Boston, and as our route lay down Lake Champlain, we took the steamer together at Rouse's Point. When we were seated on the deck, I told him that I had seen a statement in the newspapers, which had excited my curiosity, and should feel obliged, if it was not intrusive, by being informed if he believed the story of his royal origin, and upon what evidence the extraordinary claim was based. He replied that the subject was painful to him, nor could he speak of it unmoved; but that he would with pleasure, give me the required information. "There seems to me," I then said, "one simple and decisive test of the truth of your claim, I mean, your memory of your childhood. If you have always lived among the Indians, you cannot forget it, and if you are the lost Dauphin, it seems scarcely credible that, being at the time of your mother's death more than eight years of age, you could have passed through the fearful scenes of the revolution, without a strong impression of the horrors attendant on your early years. Have you any memory of what happened in Paris, or of your voyage to this country?"

"Therein," he replied, "lies the mystery of my life. I know nothing about my infancy. Every thing that occurred to me is blotted out, entirely erased, irrecoverably gone. My mind is a blank until thirteen or fourteen years of age. You must imagine a child who, as far as he knows any thing, was an idiot, destitute even of consciousness that can be remembered until that period. He was bathing on Lake George, among a group of Indian boys. He clambered with the fearlessness of idiocy to the top of a high rock. He plunged down head foremost into the water. He was taken up insensible, and laid in an Indian hut. He was brought to life. There was the blue sky, there were the mountains, there were the waters. That was the first I knew of life."

As it is important to compare the statements of personal feelings, given to different persons by Mr. Williams, I may mention here, that a gentleman of the bar, of high standing, whose opinions I shall frequently refer to, recently said to me—"I must do him the justice of saying, that he never pretended to know any thing personally of what occurred in his childhood; but he said, however, that after the plunge in Lake George, his mind seemed to recover its tone and soundness, and a good many images of things came back, but without any possibility of giving them name and place." He then told me an incident of startling and dramatic interest. A gentleman of distinction, on his recent return from Europe, in an interview with Mr. Williams, threw some lithographs and engravings upon the table, at the sight of one of which, and without seeing the name, Williams was greatly excited, and cried out 'Good God! I know that face. It has haunted me through life,' or words to that effect. On examination, it proved to be the portrait of Simon, the jailer of the Dauphin.

SIMON.

But to proceed with the conversation on the steamboat. "When then and how," I continued, "did you come to entertain the idea which you now do, concerning your birth? What is there to confirm it?"

"I was always under the impression," he replied, "that I was at least partly of Indian extraction, until the time that the Prince de Joinville came to this country. One of the first questions that he asked on his arrival in New-York was, whether there was such a person known as Eleazer Williams, among the Indians in the northern part of the State; and after some inquiries, in different quarters, he was told that there was such a person, who was at that time a Missionary of the Protestant Episcopal Church, at Green Bay, Wisconsin, and he was advised to apply for further information to some prominent members of the church, in the city. He accordingly applied to Mr. Thomas Ludlow Ogden, who, at the Prince's request, wrote to me, stating that the Prince was then in the country, and before his return to France, would be happy to have an interview with me. I replied to Mr. Ogden, that I should be exceedingly happy to see the Prince at any time. I was much surprised with his communication; but supposed however, that as I had resided a long time in the West, and had been chaplain to Gen.

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Taylor, he might desire some local information, which I could give him as readily as most men. Some time elapsed, and I heard nothing more on the subject, which was beginning to fade from my mind, when one day, while on board a steamer on Lake Michigan, I had an interview with the Prince, who shortly after, at Green Bay, revealed the secret of my birth."

Mr. Williams then proceeded to give me many of the incidents connected with this memorable interview; but, as I have within a few days past, drawn from him an account, in every way more circumstantial, of all that occurred, I will postpone further particulars until the subject recurs in the order of events.

To return again to our conversation. "Is your reputed mother," I inquired, "living,—the Indian woman who brought you up? Is it not easy to ascertain from her, whether or not you are her child? What does she say upon the subject?"

"My reputed mother," he said, "is still living at a very advanced age. She is now at Caughnawaga. I ought, as soon as the Prince told me the secret of my birth, to have returned to the East and seen her. But I unfortunately neglected to do so for some time, and when I did come, I found that the Romish Priests had been tampering with her, and that her mouth was hermetically sealed. Since I have been at St. Regis, I have learned from the Indians, that the priests said to her 'Suppose that this man should prove to be heir to a throne on the other side of the Great Salt Lake, what injury may he not do to the church. He has been brought up a Protestant, and if he obtained sovereign power it would be the ruin of many souls. You must therefore say nothing one way or the other, but keep entirely silent.' And so all my efforts to extract any thing from her were unavailing. Her immovable Indian obstinacy has hitherto been proof against every effort I could make. But I have not given up hope yet, and will try her again. When asked the direct question, Is Eleazer Williams your son? she will neither answer yes nor no—but keeps her mouth shut, and seems indifferent to what is said. When hard pressed indeed on one occasion, she has been known to say, 'Do you think that Eleazer is a bastard?' but that was all. If however the question is put to her in an indirect form, she will begin in the monotonous manner in which ignorant people repeat a story in which they have been drilled by others, and have told for years in one way, to give a list of her children, and the dates of their birth, bringing in my name at a particular place. But we have had the Baptismal register at Caughnawaga examined, and the priest was made to certify to it, and though the names of all the rest of her children are recorded there, together with the dates of their birth and baptism, mine does not occur there; and the births of the children follow so closely upon each other at regular intervals, of two years between each, that it does not seem naturally possible I could have been her child, unless I was twin to some other child whose birth and baptism are recorded while mine are not—a thing which, when we take into consideration the exactness and fidelity with which such things are transacted in the church of Rome, does not seem probable, and scarcely possible. The silence of the Baptismal register may therefore be deemed conclusive proof that this Indian woman is not my mother.

"And then comes in," continued Williams, "evidence of a different description. A French gentleman died at New Orleans, in 1848, named Belanger, who confessed on his death-bed that he was the person who brought the Dauphin to this country, and placed him among the Indians, in the northern part of the State of New-York. It seems that Belanger had taken a solemn oath of secresy, alike for the preservation of the Dauphin, and the safety of those who were instrumental in effecting his escape, but the near approach of death, and the altered circumstances of the times, induced him to break silence before his departure from the world. He died in January 1848. Now the person who had charge of the Dauphin after the death of Simon, stabbed a man in a political quarrel in France, and fled for safety. He it was I suppose who, with the assistance and connivance of others, carried the youth with him to the Low Countries, and thence to England. He must have changed his own name for greater security, crossed the Atlantic, and after depositing him with the Indians, gone to Louisiana and there lived and died.

"The next link in the evidence is yet more singular. A French gentleman hearing my story, brought a printed account of the captivity of the Dauphin, and read me a note in which it was stated, that Simon the jailer having become incensed with the Prince for some childish offence, took a towel which was hanging on a nail, and in snatching it hastily drew out the nail with it, and inflicted two blows upon his face, one over the left eye, and the other on the right side of the nose. And now, said he, let me look at your face. When he did so, and saw the scars on the spots indicated in the memoirs he exclaimed, 'Mon Dieu—what proof do I want more?'

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"But that is not all," he continued. "In the same memoirs it is said, that the Dauphin died of scrofula, and that the disease was on his knees. My knees are eaten up with scrofula, and there are no other scrofulous marks on my body. Such are the main points of evidence on which my claim rests, and you may judge of their strength—and further I can only refer you to the alleged resemblance between me and Louis XVIII. and the Bourbon family in general. I remember a gentleman put his hand over the name attached to a picture of Louis XVIII., and asked a friend whose portrait it was, 'That of Mr. Williams,' was the reply. I have somewhat of a curiosity in my valise, and will show it you if you would like to see it. It is a dress of Marie Antoinette. It was given me by a person who bought it in France, and who hearing my story, and considering me the rightful owner, made me a present of it."

He then went forward, opened his valise and returned with a small bundle under his arm, which he carried into the upper saloon for the sake of privacy. It is of course impossible to say whether the dress which he showed me is what it is asserted to be, but from its appearance it certainly may be so. It was a magnificent but somewhat faded brocade silk. It had been taken to pieces, and consisted of a skirt, back piece, stomacher, and train ten or twelve feet in length. The waist was very slender. There is pleasure in believing in the truth of memorials of the past, and I cannot envy the critical coldness of one who would ridicule me for surrendering myself, under the influence of the scene, to the belief, that the strange old gentleman before me, whose very aspect is a problem, was son to the fair being whose queenly form that faded dress had once contained, as she moved noblest and loveliest in the Halls of Versailles; and that in childish beauty and innocence, the heir of crowns, and the hope of kingdoms, the observed of all observers, he had rested fondly against its silken folds when the living loveliness of Marie Antoinette was within it. However I am not writing Romance, but a matter-of-fact account of an adventure on a steamboat.

I now proceeded to scrutinize more closely the form, features and general appearance of Mr. Williams, and to re-examine the scars on his face. He is an intelligent, noble-looking old man, with *no trace, however slight*, of the Indian about him except what may be fairly accounted for by his long residence among Indians. Being far more familiar with their language than with English, which latter he speaks correctly and even eloquently as far as style is concerned, but pronounces imperfectly; his manner of talking reminds you of an Indian, and he has the habit of shrugging his shoulders and gesticulating like one; but he has the port and presence of an European gentleman of high rank; a nameless something which I never saw but in persons accustomed to command; a countenance bronzed by exposure below the eyebrows; a fair, high, ample, intellectual but receding forehead; a slightly aquiline but rather small nose; a long Austrian lip, the expression of which is of exceeding sweetness when in repose; full fleshy cheeks but *not* high cheek bones; dark, bright, merry eyes of hazel hue; graceful, well-formed neck; strong muscular limbs, indicating health and great activity; small hands and feet, and dark hair, sprinkled with gray, as fine in texture as silk. I should never have taken him for an Indian. Some persons who saw him several years ago tell me that their impression is that he looked partially like one, but admit that their opinion may have been influenced by their having been previously told that he was of Indian extraction. I will here insert a description of him by another hand, furnished me by Mr. Williams. "His complexion is rather dark, like that of one who had become bronzed by living much in the open air, and he passes for a half-breed. But his features are decidedly European, rather heavily moulded, and strongly characterized by the full, protuberant Austrian lips. This the experienced observer is well aware is never found in the aboriginal, and very rarely among the Americans themselves. His head is well formed, and sits proudly on his shoulders. His eyes are dark but not black. His hair may be called black, is rich and glossy and interspersed with gray. His eyebrows are full, and of the same color—upon the left is a scar. His beard is heavy and nose aquiline. The nostril is large and finely cut. His temperament is genial with a dash of vivacity in his manners, he is fond of good living, and inclines to embonpoint, which is the characteristic of his (the Bourbon) family."

While refolding the dress of the poor queen, I asked him if he could account for the conduct of the Prince de Joinville in disclosing so important a secret as that of his royal birth, and requesting him to give up rights previously unknown to him, and which without information derived from the Prince he would have had no means of ascertaining. He replied in substance that it might indeed seem strange. The only satisfactory explanation which he would suggest was that al-

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though he was personally ignorant of his origin, yet there were those both in Europe and this country who were acquainted with it, and that Louis Philippe being at that time anxious to fortify his family in power by every possible means, contracting alliances with other royal lines of Europe, yet knew that in him existed an obstacle which might possibly prevent the accomplishment of all his designs, and had therefore perhaps delegated his son to reveal the fact to him so as to escape the consequences of its coming to light some other way. However I may add that at this interview Mr. Williams positively declined stating all that passed between him and the Prince de Joinville. "I do not trouble my mind," he continued, "much about the matter, otherwise I might easily render myself unhappy by repining at the will of God. But I submit myself entirely to His will. My story is on the winds of Heaven, and will work its way without me. They have got it in France. Copies of my daguerreotype have been sent to eminent men there. God in His providence must have some mysterious ends to answer, or He never would have brought me so low from such a height. He has cast my lot among this poor Indian people, and I have ministered and will minister to them, if it please Him until death. I don't want a crown. I am convinced of my royal descent; so are my family. The idea of royalty is in our minds, and we will never

REV. ELEAZER WILLIAMS.
From a Daguerreotype.

relinquish it. You have been talking," he concluded, smiling between jest and earnest, "with a king to-night. Come, let us go down stairs, and I will show you something else." He then went again to his valise and took out some miniatures and a daguerreotype. "There is the picture of Madame," he said, putting into my hands the miniature of a very beautiful young lady. "That was how my wife looked when I married her. And there," giving me another, "is my likeness at the same time. I suppose you know who that is," he continued, taking back the miniatures and giving me a daguerreotype. It was his likeness such as he now is, but having a broad band fastened by an ornamented cross* passed over

* The cross represented in the engraving was among the coins and other articles referred to hereafter as having been left with the child. The engraving scarcely does justice to Mr. Williams, or brings out the resemblance to the Bourbons. It is from a daguerreotype taken from life by Brady, in December, 1852.

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the shoulder as worn by European princes. In the daguerreotype the lights and shadows of his marked and expressive face are brought fully out, and the sun's pencil makes him look every inch a king. Strange indeed, if a St. Regis Indian could be the original of such a portrait drawn by so unfailing an artist. The steamboat by this time was drawing near to Burlington, and Williams employed the few moments that remained, in describing his situation at St. Regis. He said that having left his wife in the West he was living alone in a little hut, almost destitute of the necessaries of life, without books, without companions, except the Indians, and that he occupied his time in teaching a few children.

The boat stopped—he hurried down, and I parted with him.

On arriving in New-York I made inquiries concerning the ecclesiastical standing of Mr. Williams, and found that there was a difficulty of determining to what jurisdiction he belonged, resulting from his having been sent out as missionary to Green Bay previous to the formation of the Diocese of Wisconsin, and the consecration of Bishop Kemper, who found him on the field, but without dimissory letters from the Bishop of New-York. Distance and the lapse of time made the authorities of New-York unwilling to recognise him as one of the clergy of this Diocese, and thus one who perhaps has flowing in his veins the blood of Capet and St. Louis, Henri Quatre and Louis le Grand, Maria Theresa and Marie Antoinette, though a minister of Christ was a rejected wanderer. Bishop Kemper has, however, determined that he does not belong to his jurisdiction, and the standing committee of New-York conceiving that he must have some belongings have acknowledged him as a clergyman of this diocese.

My interview with Mr. Williams soon had the effect of bringing unexpected evidence to light. I repeated to many persons our conversation, and among others to the Rev. Dr. Hawks, at whose request I embodied in a letter to him the substance of what Williams had said. On reading this, in the presence of some friends, among whom was Dr. J. W. Francis, this gentleman related the following circumstances known to himself.

In the year 1794, 5 or 6, a French gentleman, named Le Ray de Chaumont, came to this country from France, and settled at Rosse, in St. Lawrence county, where he bought lands, and lived in great opulence until about twenty years ago, when, in the year 1832, at the accession of Louis Philippe, he returned to France, and, as I have lately learned, went to his father's chateau, at Chaumont. It is not known whether or not he be still living. His son married an American lady, but it is believed they have all removed. From inquiries recently made I find that Le Ray, as he was familiarly called in St. Lawrence county, had much to do with the Indians both at Ogdensburg and St. Regis; mixed himself up a great deal with politics, and was accused, justly or not I do not know, of plotting with the Indians against the government of the United States. He lived in the vicinity of the spot in which Williams was reared, from the time in which it is supposed that the Dauphin was brought to this country until his own return to France.

Now, in the year 1818, there was a social party at the house of Dr. Hosack, in New-York. There were present, Dr. Macneven, Counsellor Sampson, Thomas Cooper, of Carlisle, Count Jean D'Angeley, Dr. John W. Francis, and the French Minister, Genet. Of these Dr. Francis alone survives. In the course of conversation, the subject of the Dauphin was introduced, and the inquiry was started as to his fate. At length Genet distinctly said, "Gentlemen, the Dauphin of France is *not dead*, but was *brought to America*." The conversation on this interesting subject was continued for some time, and Genet informed the company, among other things, that he believed the Dauphin was in Western New-York, and that Le Ray de Chaumont knew all about it.

From every thing which I can ascertain of Le Ray, he was the very man to be mixed up in an affair of this kind, and there is every probability that on his return to France he communicated with Louis Philippe, and this may have led to the mission of the Prince de Joinville. But even before this time, it seems likely that communication was had with France on the subject. Dr. Francis states that in the year 1817, Count Real, Prefect of Paris, and Count Jean D'Angeley, were in this country together, and in conference with Le Ray de Chaumont, and there is reason to suspect, from the peculiarities of the case, that their visit to this country had some reference to the Dauphin.

By those who have hitherto paid attention to this mysterious subject, it has been supposed that the young Prince was smuggled into this country by his friends, and hidden away among the Indians to conceal him from the Jacobins. But the circumstances just stated throw great light on the whole affair, and render the story, to my mind, more probable. It does not seem likely that the friends of the Prince would be able to rescue him without the connivance of his enemies, and when we bear

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in mind the decree of the Convention in 1794, and the desire of those then in power in France to get rid of him without bloodshed, it seems every way likely that individuals in both parties would have a hand in the transaction, and keep an eye upon the movements of the Dauphin. In after years other motives would come into operation, and the various claimants to the throne would use every effort to suppress the knowledge of the fact, or provide against the consequences of it when divulged.

Such was nearly the amount of my information on this subject until a few weeks ago, when I opened a correspondence with Mr. Williams, and received several letters from him. I afterwards went to St. Lawrence county, in order to see him —complete my knowledge of details, and make inquiries, which can only be successfully made on the spot. His temporary absence on missionary service deprived me of the pleasure of seeing him, but I obtained full insight into his position, estimation in the neighborhood, and other things necessary to the formation of a correct judgment. He is missionary at St. Regis and Hogansburg, both miserable lonely places, receiving no payment from the Indians among whom he labors, and but a small stipend from the Missionary Committee. The rigors of the climate are excessive; the thermometer being frequently 30° below zero, and one can scarcely conceive a situation for an intelligent mind more lonely, more unfriended, more destitute. He lives on the Indian reservation, a wild tract of woodland, partially cleared, here and there, at the edges. Dead evergreen swamps, decayed vegetation, rude fences, half prostrate, surround the rickety shed, admitting the cold at a thousand crevices, in which reside poor Williams and the old Indian woman, his reputed mother, whom he heroically treats as if she were his parent, though believing himself to be the son of the peerless Marie Antoinette.* I found him well spoken of without exception, by all whom I conversed with in the vicinity,—a good neighbor, an active missionary, a brave, cheerful old man, having a kind word for all, and breasting fate with nothing outward to encourage him. He has no church building. He is trying to build a school-house on the Indian reservation,

MARIE ANTOINETTE.

but it stands roofless in the piercing cold, the picture of desolation.

The impression among all who know him, whether white persons or Indians, is, that he is not an Indian; and I conceive no fact in the world to be more certain than this. A respectable neighbor gave me a certificate, from which the following is an extract: "I was brought up at Hogansburg, and have served in the army, as a private, in Florida, under General Worth. I have known Indians of various tribes, especially the Seminoles and the Iroquois. I have known Indians as long as I have known white men. I am personally acquainted with the Rev. Eleazer Williams, and have known him since my childhood. I do not believe him to be an Indian. He is entirely unlike the rest of his family. I knew his supposed brothers. They bore no resemblance to Eleazer. He looks like a German or a Frenchman. They were evidently Indians. I know an Indian as well as a cow or a horse." An intelligent Indian, who spoke English, said, "He speaks very good Indian; but he is not like any Indian I ever saw. When I first met him, I took him for an American. He is as much like a Frenchman as any thing." His former landlady, at Hogansburg, said, "I don't know whether he is Indian or

* The above sketch of Marie Antoinette is made from a daguerreotype of an original picture, now in the possession of the Rev. M. H. Henderson, of Newark, N. J., painted by Aug. Wertmüller, chief painter to the King of Sweden, and afterwards to the Court of France. The picture was unfinished when the revolution broke out, and Wertmüller fled to this country, where he resided during the years '93 and '94. He returned to Sweden, and again came to America in '98, and was married to Miss Henderson in A. D. 1800. He resided at Naaman's Creek, in Delaware, and was buried in the Swedish Church, Philadelphia. Mr. Henderson has another picture, by Westmüller, of a lady with marked Austrian features, whose eyes and upper lip bear a close resemblance to those of Mr. Williams, and also a portfolio of Wertmüller, covered with old state papers, to one of which is appended the signature of Louis XVI.

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not. He does not look like one. If I had not heard that he was one, I should not suppose that he was any more than you. He is not like any of his family. All the other children are dead." And I may add, they all died of consumption. I found that the fact of the absence of his name from the baptismal register, at Caughnawaga, is undoubted. Mr. Williams has a certified copy from the record at Green Bay, and the Rev. Francis Marcou, Romish priest at St. Regis, lately acknowledged the omission to the Hon. Phineas Atwater, formerly Indian agent, but endeavored to account for it by saying that he was privately baptized on account of sickness, which certainly is no reason why his baptism should not have been registered.

The history of the Indian family by whom he was adopted is as follows: The Rev. John Williams, of Deerfield, Mass., and his family, were captured by the Indians about 1704, and carried by the French and Indians to Canada, near Montreal. They all returned, probably ransomed, to Deerfield, except one daughter, Eunice, who remained and married an Indian chief named Turroges; to him she bore two daughters and a son. The daughters were named Mary and Catherine, and the son, John. Mary married an English surgeon, named Ezekiel Williams. They had one son, Thomas, their only child. His father died when Thomas was six months old. He was taken care of by his mother's sister, Catherine. Thomas was considered an Indian of the Iroquois tribe, by virtue of his descent from his grandfather, and attached himself to them, entirely renouncing civilized life. He married a full-blooded Indian woman, and had eleven children besides Eleazer, who was reputed to be, and brought up as his son. All the undoubted children of Thomas Williams were strongly-marked Indians, notwithstanding the white blood in their veins. They bore not the slightest resemblance to Eleazer. He was sent to a school at Long Meadows, Mass., and put under the care of Mr. Ely. The books of this gentleman have been carefully examined, and it has been found that the board and tuition of Eleazer were regularly paid every six months, and with great promptness, showing a mercantile attention, and proving that a man of exact business habits must have been the agent through whom the payments were made. But I am assured by a gentleman who knew him well, that Thomas Williams had not the means himself to pay the schooling of the boy; and if he had, would have been the last man in the world to remit the money with any punctuality. It is not known who was the agent employed; but it is probable that proper examination would develope the fact, and bring to light the source from whence he obtained the money. It is probable that Mr. John Bleecker, of Albany, who had much dealing with the Indians, was the agent, and his papers are in existence, but in great confusion, and his relatives are unwilling that they should be examined. If Belanger was the person who sent the funds to this agent, his name or some clue to the transaction, will probably be discovered. That Belanger visited Albany, is almost certain, from the remarkable fact, that while a youth, Mr. Williams remembers that a Frenchman came to him, showed him great affection, and wept over him. How strange must have been the feeling of Belanger (if it were he) at the sight of the low estate to which his sovereign was reduced, and what an inexpressible burden must he have borne in his breast through life! Young Eleazer having begun his education late in consequence of idiocy, continued at his studies until the breaking out of the war, in 1812, between Great Britain and the United States, at which time he was under the tuition of the Rev. Mr. Hale, of West Hampton, Mass. He was then 27 years of age. At the request of both the national and state government, he took up arms, was considered as a confidential agent and superintendent-general of the Northern Indian Department. "Much will depend upon your zeal and activity as an Indian chief in that section of the country, which is the principal theatre of the war," said the Secretary of War, in a communication addressed to him at this time. He accordingly continued actively employed, and fought, among other places, at the battle at Plattsburg, where he was wounded in 1814.

General Cass, writing from Detroit, under date of December 5, 1830, to the Hon. John H. Eaton, then Secretary of War, respecting Indian affairs, says:

"Col. Strambaugh is determined to revive the affairs of the agency, and leave no means in his power untried to place them in a situation commensurate with their importance. He should have a Winnebago, a Menomene and an Oneida interpreter, together with one sub-agent at the Bay and one up the Fox river. The latter is already filled, but should any event render the appointment vacant, I beg leave to recommend the Rev. Eleazer Williams as a proper person to fill the vacancy. This gentleman is an Episcopal clergyman of very respectable standing, and partly descended from the Iroquois Indians. He rendered essential services to

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the United States during the late war, in which he was actively engaged and badly wounded, the effects of which will probably continue during life. I understand that he enjoyed the confidence of our highest and most distinguished officers,* and bravely led a heavy column at the battle of Plattsburg. He is a gentleman of education and talents, and from his position and associations can render important services to the Government and the Indians."

During the war, having occasion frequently to visit Albany, he became acquainted with Lieut. Governor Taylor, and his rector, the Rev. Dr. Clowes, and also with the Rev. Dr. Butler, of Troy, by whom his attention was drawn to the Protestant Episcopal church, and on the cessation of hostilities he obtained an introduction to Bishop Hobart, who took the earliest opportunity of recommending him to the Society for the Advancement of Christianity in the Diocese of New-York. Governor Taylor was then acting as principal Indian agent, and in his frequent interviews with the Oneidas he advised them to invite Mr. Williams to officiate as lay reader, which they accordingly did with Bishop Hobart's sanction. This was in March, 1816, and he remained at Oneida until 1822. For a time every thing went on pleasantly between him and the Indians, but as it was the policy of the General and State Government to remove the portion of the tribe resident at Oneida to Green Bay, and Mr. Williams, after resisting for some time the course proposed, felt himself impelled by duty to coincide in it, chiefly in view of the Indian lands being so diminished by repeated sales to the State, as to render residence at Oneida no longer practicable, in which opinion Bishop Hobart also concurred; he was unjustly accused of ambition, and disregard for the true interests of the tribe, by a portion of the Indians who were hostile to removal. About half the Oneidas accompanied him to Green Bay, where he remained until his ordination by Bishop Hobart in 1826, which took place at Oneida. A particular account remains of the solemnities on the occasion. The only surviving clergy then present, are the Rev. Dr. Anthon of St. Marks, and the Rev. Mr. Treadway, of Malone. In the year 1823, he had married Miss Mary Hobart Jourdan, of Green Bay, a relative of Marshal Jourdan, one of Bonaparte's officers, by whom he had two daughters and a son, of whom only the latter, whose name is John, survives. His present age is 29. The Rev. Mr. Williams enjoyed the full confidence of Bishop Hobart, who rarely mistook his man, to the last, and was still residing near Green Bay when De Joinville visited him in 1841, and embittered the remaining years of his life by the revelation of his proud and princely origin. After the Prince de Joinville left the West he wrote several letters to Mr. Williams. And after his return to France Louis Philippe condescended to snatch a leisure moment from the cares of government and the intrigues of state, to write an autograph letter to the humble missionary of the Prot. Epis. Church among the Indians in Wisconsin, thanking him for his attention to the Prince de Joinville.

And now to come back to the State of New-York. When the child was brought over from Europe, and left with Thomas Williams in the neighborhood of Albany in Nov. 1795, by the agent, whoever he was—for so far I regard from the information I have recently obtained, to be exceedingly probable — two boxes of clothing and other things by which he could be hereafter identified, were left with him. All this, and what follows, the old Indian woman has confessed. One of these boxes has been carried off by a daughter of Thomas Williams, and cannot now be recovered. The other there is every reason to suppose is still in Montreal, but efforts are made in certain quarters to conceal it. In this box were three coins or medals, one of gold, one of silver, and one of copper—fac-similes of each other—being the medals struck at the coronation of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette. The gold and silver medals being of value, were sold by the Indians in Montreal. The copper one was retained and is now in my possession. The gold medal has also been seen in the possession of a Romish Bishop at Montreal or Quebec. The probability that these traces of the Dauphin are to be found in Montreal is increased by the proximity of Caughnawaga to that city. Caughnawaga is a straggling Indian village on the St. Lawrence opposite Lachine, and within sight of Montreal. It consists, besides a number of scattered huts, of two long narrow streets varying considerably in width. The houses are low and shabby, most of them of wood, but some of dark stone. The masonry is of the rudest kind. A Roman Catholic church, a solid stone building of some slight pretensions to architecture, stands in the middle of one of the streets. In looking at the dingy houses, the narrow streets, the crowd of little Indian children, and considering the loneliness of the spot in former years before railroads

* Generals Dearborn, Bloomfield, Pike, Wilkinson Hampton, Macomb, Mooers, and Governor Tompkins.

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and steamboats had brought it into connection with the busy world, one cannot help feeling how secure a hiding-place for the poor scion of royalty this village presented. And the same remarks apply more strongly still to St. Regis, which lies on the present boundary between Canada and the U. S. But from these secluded spots the Indians, who partake much of the character and roving habits of the Gipsy, wander forth over the surrounding country, selling baskets, and bartering whatever of value comes into their possession. Those who placed the Dauphin among the Indians, might be sure that the tomb could scarcely be a more secret shelter; but at the same time if they desired to identify him, as the leaving of these relics would intimate, they could have had little hope that the habits of the Indians would permit the retention of any traces of royalty.

Having obtained all the information I could without seeing Mr. Williams, I returned to New-York. On the 7th of December, I received a note from him, stating that he was in the city. Upon calling at his hotel, I found that having heard of my journey to the north, he had come to New-York to see me. He accompanied me to the study of Dr. Hawks, in whose presence he confirmed the statements which he had previously made to me. In the course of the conversation which took place between us at my house, I drew from him a detailed account of the interview between him and the Prince de Joinville, alluded to in the early part of this narrative, to which I will now proceed, merely premising that although given in an uninterrupted form, it was in a great measure elicited by dint of questioning and cross-questioning, so as to obtain all the particulars concerning the value of which Mr. Williams did not seem to be sufficiently aware; but there is no thought or fact which he did not express, and the language as near as a retentive memory can give it, is in his own words, though somewhat condensed. After describing the correspondence between him and Mr. Thomas L. Ogden, whose letter on the occasion he has among his papers, and reaffirming strongly the fact that the Prince had made inquiries concerning him immediately on his arrival in the country, he said in substance as follows:

"In Oct., 1841, I was on my way from Buffalo to Green Bay, and took a steamer from the former place bound to Chicago, which touched at Mackinac, and left me there, to await the arrival of the steamer from Buffalo to Green Bay. Vessels which had recently come in announced the speedy arrival of the Prince de Joinville; public expectation was on tiptoe, and crowds were on the wharves. The steamer at length came in sight, salutes were fired and answered, the colors run up, and she came into port in fine style. Immediately she touched, the Prince and his retinue came on shore and went out some little distance from the town, perhaps half a mile, to visit some natural curiosities in the neighborhood—the Sugar-Loaf Rock and the Arch Rock. The steamer awaited their return. During their absence I was standing on the wharf among the crowd, when Capt. John Shook, now at Huron, Ohio, who will confirm my statement, came up to me and asked whether I was going on to Green Bay, adding that the Prince de Joinville had made inquiries of him concerning a Rev. Mr. Williams, and that he had told the Prince he knew such a person, referring to me, whom he supposed was the man he meant, though he could not imagine what the Prince could want with or know of me. I replied to the Captain in a laughing way, without having any idea what a deep meaning was attached to my words, 'O, I am a great man, and great men will of course seek me out.' Soon after the Prince and his suite arrived and went on board. I did the same, and the steamer put to sea. It was, I think, about 2 o'clock when we left Mackinac. When we were fairly out on the water, the Captain came to me and said, 'The Prince, Mr. Williams, requests me to say to you that he desires to have an interview with you, and will be happy either to have you come to him, or allow me to introduce him to you.' 'Present my compliments to the Prince,' I said, 'and say that I put myself entirely at his disposal, and will be proud to accede to whatever may be his wishes in the matter.' The Captain again retired, and soon returned bringing the Prince de Joinville with him. I was sitting at the time on a barrel. The Prince not only started with evident and involuntary surprise when he saw me, but there was great agitation in his face and manner—a slight paleness and a quivering of the lip—which I could not help remarking at the time, but which struck me more forcibly afterwards in connection with the whole train of circumstances, and by contrast with his usual self-possessed manner. He then shook me earnestly and respectfully by the hand, and drew me immediately into conversation. The attention which he paid me seemed to astonish not only myself and the passengers, but also the Prince's retinue. At dinner time there was a separate table laid for the Prince and his companions, and he invited me to sit with them and offered me the seat of honor by his side. But I was a little abashed by the attentions of the Prince, and there was an American officer who had attached himself to the party and behaved in an obtrusive and unbecoming manner, which seemed to annoy them, and indeed one of the Prince's companions had expressed to me his disgust at his behavior. So I thought I would keep out of the circle, and begged the Prince to excuse me, and

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permit me to dine at the ordinary table with the passengers, which accordingly I did. After dinner the conversation turned between us on the first French settlements in America, the valor and enterprise of the early adventurers, and the loss of Canada to France, at which the Prince expressed deep regret. In the course of his remarks, though in what connection I cannot now say, he told me that he left his suite at Albany, took a private conveyance and went to the head of Lake George. He was very copious and fluent in speech, and I was surprised at the good English which he spoke—a little broken indeed, like mine, but still very intelligible. We continued talking late into the night, reclining in the cabin, on the cushions in the stern of the boat. When we retired to rest, the Prince lay on the locker and I in the first berth next to it. The next day the steamer did not arrive at Green Bay until about 3 o'clock, and during most of the time we were in conversation. Looking back thoughtfully upon what was said, I can now perceive that the Prince was gradually preparing my mind for what was to come at last, although then the different subjects seemed to arise naturally enough. At first he spoke of the condition of affairs in the U. S., and on the American Revolution. He expressed admiration for our institutions, and spoke at large of the assistance which had been rendered to the Colonies in the struggle with the mother country, by Louis XVI. He said that he did not think sufficient gratitude was evinced by Americans to that monarch, and that whenever his intervention was alluded to, it was attributed to selfish motives, and to a desire to humble the power of England on this continent by depriving her of her fairest colonial possessions, but that in his opinion Louis XVI. felt a true regard for America, and that on every return of the Fourth of July, when throughout the U. S. the nation was celebrating its independence, there should be an especial salute fired to the memory of the King who had contributed so much to the result. Such was the substance of what was said by the Prince on that subject. He then turned to the French Revolution, and said that Louis XVI. was innocent of any tyrannical designs toward the people of France, and that nothing which he did personally could justify or excuse the excesses of the Revolution, that the last foundations of that event were laid in the preceding reign, and that the misconduct and misgovernment of Louis XV. were chargeable with the sad events which occurred to a very great extent, although the storm had been slowly brewing for centuries. The people of France, though they had no just cause to complain of Louis XVI., yet had a right to do so, of the oppressive institutions then existing, of the tyranny of the aristocracy, and the burdens laid on them by the Church. He then referred to the changes which had since taken place in the form of government, and to the present amelioration of the condition of the French people under an elective monarchy. On our arrival at Green Bay, the Prince said that I would oblige him by accompanying him to his hotel, and taking up my quarters at the Astor House. I begged to be excused, as I wished to go to the house of my father-in-law. He replied that he had some matters of great importance to speak to me about, and as he could not stay long at Green Bay, but would take his departure the next day, or the day after, he wished I would comply with his request. As there was some excitement consequent on the Prince's arrival, and a great number of persons were at the Astor House waiting to see him, I thought I would take advantage of the confusion to go to my father-in-law's, and promised to return in the evening, when he would be more private. I did so, and on my return found the Prince alone with the exception of one attendant, whom he dismissed. The gentlemen of his party were in an adjoining room laughing and carousing, and I could distinctly hear them during my interview with the Prince. He opened the conversation by saying that he had a communication to make to me of a very serious nature as concerned himself, and of the last importance to me,—that it was one in which no others were interested, and therefore before proceeding further, he wished to obtain some pledge of secresy, some promise that I would not reveal to any one what he was going to say. I demurred to any such conditions being imposed previous to my being made acquainted with the nature of the subject, as there might be something in it after all prejudicial and injurious to others, and it was at length after some altercation agreed that I should pledge my honor not to reveal what the Prince was going to say, provided there was nothing in it prejudicial to any one, and I signed a promise to this effect on a sheet of paper. It was vague and general, for I would not tie myself down to absolute secresy, but left the matter conditional. When this was done, the Prince spoke to this effect:

"You have been accustomed, sir, to consider yourself a native of this country; but you are not. You are of foreign descent; you were born in Europe, sir, and however incredible it may at first seem to you, I have to tell you that you are the son of a king. There ought to be much consolation to you to know this fact. You have suffered a great deal, and have been brought very low, but you have not suffered more, or been more degraded than my father, who was long in exile and poverty in this country; but there is this difference between him and you, that he was all along aware of his high birth, whereas you have been spared the knowledge of your origin."

When the Prince had said this I was much overcome, and thrown into a state of mind which you can easily imagine. In fact I hardly knew what to do or say, and my feelings were so much excited that I was like one in a dream, and much was said be-

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tween us of which I can give but an indistinct account. However, I remember that I told him that his communication was so startling and unexpected that he must forgive me for being incredulous, and that really I was "between two."

"What do you mean," he said, "by being 'between two?'"

I replied that on the one hand, it scarcely seemed to me that he could believe what he said, and on the other I feared he might be under some mistake as to the person. He assured me, however, that he would not trifle with my feelings on such a subject, but that he spoke the simple truth, and that in regard to the identity of the person, he had ample means in his possession to satisfy me that there was no mistake in that respect. I then requested him to proceed with the disclosure already partly made, and to inform me in full of the secret of my birth. He replied that in doing so, it was necessary that a certain process should be gone through in order to guard the interest of all parties concerned. I inquired what kind of process he meant. Upon this the Prince rose and went to his trunk, which was in the room, and took from it a parchment which he laid on the table, and set before me that I might read and give him my determination in regard to it. There was also on the table pen and ink and wax, and he placed there governmental seals of France, the one, if I mistake not, used under the old monarchy. It was of precious metal, but whether of gold or silver, or a compound of both, I cannot say. I think, on reflection, the latter; but I may be mistaken, for my mind was so bewildered, and agitated, and engrossed with one absorbing question, that things which at another time would have made a strong impression on me were scarcely noticed, although I must confess that when I knew the whole, the sight of the seal put before me by a member of the family of Orleans, stirred my indignation. The document which the Prince placed before me was very handsomely written, in double parallel columns of French and English. I continued intently reading and considering it for a space of four or five hours. During this time the Prince left me undisturbed, remaining for the most part in the room, but he went out three or four times. The purport of the document, which I read repeatedly word by word, comparing the French with the English, was this: It was a solemn abdication of the crown of France in favor of Louis Philippe, by Charles Louis, the son of Louis XVI., who was styled Louis XVII., King of France and Navarre, with all accompanying names and titles of honor according to the custom of the old French monarchy, together with a minute specification in legal phraseology of the conditions, and considerations, and provisos, upon which the abdication was made. These conditions were in brief, that a princely establishment should be secured to me either in this country or in France, at my option, and that Louis Philippe would pledge himself on his part to secure the restoration, or an equivalent for it, of all the private property of the royal family rightfully belonging to me, which had been confiscated in France during the Revolution, or in any way got into other hands. Now you may ask me why I did not retain, at all hazards, this document, or, at any rate, take a copy of it; but it is very easy for you, sitting quietly there, to prescribe the course which prudence and self-interest would dictate. A day or two afterwards all these points, and the different lights in which the thing might be viewed, came to my mind, but at the moment I thought of nothing except the question of acceptance or rejection. And then remember the sudden manner in which the whole affair came upon me, and the natural timidity and bashfulness of one who had always considered himself of such obscure rank, when called without preparation to discuss such topics with a man of high position like the Prince. Besides which, my word of honor had been so recently and solemnly pledged, and a sense of personal dignity excited by the disclosures of the Prince, that I never so much as thought of taking any advantage of the circumstances, but simply and solely whether or not I should sign my name, and set my seal to a deliberate surrender of my rights and those of my family. It was a deeply painful and harrowing time, and I cannot tell you, and you cannot imagine, how I felt when trying to decide this question. At length I made my decision, and rose, and told the Prince that I had considered the matter fully in all its aspects, and was prepared to give him my definite answer upon the subject; and then went on to say, that whatever might be the personal consequences to myself, I felt that I could not be the instrument of bartering away with my own hand the rights pertaining to me by my birth, and sacrificing the interests of my family, and that I could only give to him the answer which de Provence gave to the ambassador of Napoleon at Warsaw, "Though I am in poverty and exile I will not sacrifice my honor."

The Prince upon this assumed a loud tone, and accused me of ingratitude in trampling on the overtures of the King, his father, who he said was actuated in making the proposition more by feelings of kindness and pity towards me than by any other consideration, since his claim to the French throne rested on an entirely different basis to mine, viz., not that of hereditary descent, but of popular election. When he spoke in this strain I spoke loud also, and said that as he, by his disclosure, had put me in the position of a superior, I must assume that position, and frankly say that my indignation was stirred by the memory that one of the family of Orleans had imbrued his hands in my father's blood, and that another now wished to obtain from me an abdication of the throne. When I spoke of superiority, the Prince immediately assumed a respectful attitude, and remained silent for several minutes.

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It had now grown very late, and we parted, with a request from him that I would reconsider the proposal of his father, and not be too hasty in my decision. I returned to my father-in-law's, and the next day saw the Prince again, and on his renewal of the subject gave him a similar answer. Before he went away he said, 'Though we part, I hope we part friends.' For years I said little on the subject, until I received a letter from Mr. Kimball dated at Baton Rouge, informing me of the dying statements of Belanger, and then when this report came from the South confirming what the Prince had said, the thing assumed a different aspect. This letter is, I think, among my papers at Green Bay, but for years I have kept a minute journal of every thing which has occurred to me, and have no doubt an abstract of it at Hogansburg. Our conversation to-night will go down."

I was much struck with the little value, in point of evidence, which Mr. Williams seems to have attached to the Prince's asserted disclosures. After giving me the above account, however, he added—"I see more and more, that the matter rests between the Prince and myself, and I am quite willing that it should. I have been in hopes that some movement would be made in Europe in my favor; but, as you say, the affair must be begun here, and I will let the world know all. The Prince cannot deny what I say, and my impression is that he will keep entirely silent."

"But silence will be equivalent to confession."

"It will be so."

I then asked Mr. Williams if he had been acquainted with Le Ray de Chaumont, during his residence in St. Lawrence County, and if any thing had ever occurred between them, which would tend to prove that he had a knowledge of the Dauphin being in this country. He replied, that he had only, to the best of his recollection, seen Le Ray once, in the month of January or February, 1819 or 1820, when a conversation to this effect occurred between them. Williams was at that time a resident at Oneida, among the Indians. In this place there also lived a Colonel de Ferrier, formerly an officer of the body guard of Louis XVI., who had fled from France during the Revolution, and married an Indian woman, who is still living. Le Ray inquired of Williams concerning the health and welfare of De Ferrier, adding that he had been a great sufferer in the royal cause: that the King's family had been widely scattered; but that, notwithstanding all the misfortunes of De Ferrier, he was no greater sufferer than a member of the royal family, whom both Colonel de Ferrier and he believed to be in this country. Now this remark of Le Ray's affords the strongest confirmation to the statement of Dr. Francis; for it is scarcely in human nature, that if he were acquainted with the secret of Williams' birth, he should have omitted all reference to it; while at the same time, the remoteness of the allusion is perfectly in keeping with the character of the man and the nature of his position. And then, too, it is certainly a remarkable fact, that one of the body guard of Louis XVI. should live, not only among the Indians, but at Oneida; to which place, by those shapings of fortune which are often the work of those about us, even when our acts seem most voluntary, the steps of Williams had been directed. There can be little doubt that De Ferrier was expressly put among the Oneidas to keep watch over him.

About the same time, another remarkable incident occurred. Williams having been idiotic at thirteen years of age, had, when he recovered his reason, no predilection in favor of Romanism, and being sent to Massachusetts for education, became a Protestant while residing with Mr. Ely. In August, 1818, the Rev. Joseph Marcoux, the present Romish priest at Caughnawaga, gave Williams a letter of introduction to a Monsieur Dufresne, then living in the village, and afterwards both of them gave him letters to a Mr. Richards, of Montreal, formerly a Methodist minister, who had become a convert to the Romish Church, and who was probably chosen on account of his speaking both French and English fluently. These introductions were not solicited by Williams, but came voluntarily from Marcoux and Dufresne. Richards spoke to him on religious subjects, and said that, provided he would return to the bosom of the Romish Church, enter the ministry, and take some station, either at Quebec or Montreal, Monsieur Duplesses, then Bishop of Quebec, would, after a few months, qualify him for orders, and give him the best parish in his diocese, in city or country, at his option. The offer was of course refused. But during their interviews, Mr. Richards said to him, in a manner which at the time did not excite his suspicions, that although Joseph Marcoux believed him to be an Indian, he did not, and also told him that the Abbe de Colonne, brother to Colonne the French Minister, believed the Dauphin to be living, and that Bishop Chevreuse of Boston, in the year 1807, had made attempts to discover the Prince. Now, concerning Bishop Chevreuse, the following curious incident occurred: about 1806, Williams went to Boston with Mr. Ely, to whose care he had been committed at Long Mea-

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dows, and who was at that time a member of the Legislature. They boarded with an Irish Roman Catholic gentleman. As Ely was a great admirer of the music in the Romish Church, they all went there. A few days after, the Irishman introduced Williams to Chevreuse, then only a priest, and rector of the church, as an Indian youth who was receiving an education, mentioning his supposed descent from Williams, the captive; whereupon, Chevreuse inquired whether there were many descendants of European captives still among the Indians, and children of French Canadians adopted into Indian families. He replied, there were. Chevreuse then asked if he had ever heard of a French boy, who had been brought from France, having been adopted by the Indians. The reply was "no." "Now it was curious," said Williams, "that he was making these inquiries of the very person of whom he was in search."

On questioning him concerning the Frenchman, who is said to have visited him in childhood, Mr. Williams said, in effect as follows:

That after the restoration of his reason, about the year 1799, his reputed father went from Caughnawaga, as usual, with his family, in the month of September, to hunt in the vicinity of Lake George. While encamping on the shores of the lake, with other Indian families, two strange gentlemen came to visit Thomas Williams, one of whom had every indication of being a Frenchman, from his dress, manners, and language; for he remembers understanding a few words, sufficient to know that he spoke in French. He had on a ruffled shirt, and his hair was powdered, and bore to him a very splendid appearance. When the gentlemen first came in sight, Williams and the other boys of the family were sporting on the lake, in a little wooden canoe, and saw them, in company with Thomas Williams, take their seats on a log, at a little distance from the wigwam. As their curiosity was excited, to know who these strangers were, they left their canoe and strolled slowly to the encampment, when Thomas Williams called out, "Eleazer, this friend of yours wishes to speak with you." As he approached, one of the gentlemen rose and went off to another Indian encampment, and the other one, who appeared to be a Frenchman, advanced several steps to meet him, embraced him most tenderly, and when he again sat down on the log made the boy stand between his legs. In the mean time he shed abundance of tears, said "Pauvre garçon," and continued to embrace him. Thomas Williams was soon after called to the wigwam, and Eleazer and the Frenchman were left alone. The latter continued to kiss him and weep, and spoke a great deal, seeming very anxious that he should understand what was said, which he was unable to do. When Thomas Williams returned to them, he asked Eleazer whether he understood what the gentleman said to him, and he replied "No." They then both left him, and walked off in the direction in which the other gentleman had gone; who, though he cannot speak certainly, yet on comparing his other recollections with those of this time, he is of opinion was Thomas Bleeker, the Indian interpreter. The gentlemen came the next day to the wigwam, and the Frenchman remained several hours. Thomas Williams took him out in a canoe on the lake, and the last which Mr. Williams remembers was their all sitting together on the log, when the Frenchman took hold of his bare feet and dusty legs, and examined his knees and ankles closely. Again the Frenchman shed tears, but young Eleazer was quite indifferent, not knowing what to make of it. Before the gentleman left, he gave him a piece of gold. After a few days, Thomas Williams, contrary to his usual custom, returned to Caughnawaga, instead of remaining for his winter hunt at Lake George. The cause of this visit he can only conjecture, but thinks it probable, that after the restoration of his mind, Thomas Williams had informed Belanger of the fact, and that he came to make arrangements respecting his education. Shortly after this incident, while the family of Thomas Williams were at Caughnawaga, Nathaniel Ely, of Long Meadows, at the request of some of the members of the European branches of the Williams family, asked Thomas to let him have some of his boys for education; Eleazer was lying in bed in the same room with his supposed parents, and as they imagined, asleep. Thomas strongly urged a compliance with the request, but his wife objected to let any of the children go for education among heretics, lest they should peril their souls. But when he persisted in the demand, she said, "If you will do it, you may send away this strange boy; means have been put into your hands for his education, but John I cannot part with." Her willingness to sacrifice him, and the general tenor of the conversation, excited suspicions in his mind as to belonging to their family, but they passed soon away. It was decided that both he and John should go; but while Mr. Ely's books show that the board and tuition of Eleazer was paid for, John appears to have been supported at the expense of the Williams family in Massachusetts.

In 1814, after the battle of Plattsburg, Mr. Williams and his reputed father went to Albany, at the request of Governor Tompkins, and while in the city, Thomas Williams said, that he had been invited by his old friend, Jacob Vanderheyden, a well-known Indian trader, to spend the evening, and to bring his son with him. In the midst of good cheer over their bottle of brandy, a conversation took place in Eleazer's hearing to this effect.

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They spoke of Vanderheyden having encamped at Caldwell's, on Lake George, in October 1795, and remained there for several days, waiting for the Indians to come down from the north to purchase furs, and supply them with goods during their winter hunts, and that while he was there, a French gentleman came among them, having a French boy with him about ten years old, and after staying for some time he departed, leaving the boy behind him. The boy was deranged at the time, spoke French and German, and was well dressed. The first time that Vanderheyden saw him was in the company of Thomas Williams, who brought him to his encampment, when the boy ran boisterously about the store, and upset his goods. After speaking of these circumstances, Vanderheyden said, "Thomas, did I not tell you then he was not your boy?" The reply was, "You have said so many times—if you will have it so let it be so." He also asked "Thomas, what has become of that Frenchman?" But Williams does not remember what answer was given.

Mr. Williams confirmed the account which I had heard, from another source, of the recognition of the portrait of Simon, which he said was shown to him by Professor Day, of Cincinnati, and added that the morning after, he also recognized that of Madame Elizabeth, sister to Louis XVI., but had no knowledge either of the King or Queen. Professor Hitchcock, of Amherst, gave him the portrait of Louis XVIII. on account of its close resemblance to him. The dress of Marie Antoinette was the gift of Mrs. Clarke of Northampton. General Taylor also had felt much interest in his affairs, and but for his sudden decease, would have opened a correspondence with France on the subject. Being in Washington a few days before the late President's death, he gave him the military cloak which he wore during the Mexican war, a relic which he highly prizes.

With regard to documents, Mr. Williams has been unaccountably careless. A short time since he received a letter *purporting* to be from the private Secretary of Louis Napoleon, making inquiries in a respectful manner concerning the events of his life, and also similar communications from several French Bishops and a Cardinal, but for reasons best known to himself, returned no answer. These letters, together with one from Louis Philippe, were accidentally burned a few weeks since whilst lying on his table, but I have now lying before me a note from the Consul Général of France, dated New-York, April 16, 1844, which accompanied the letter from the King of the French, some pencil memoranda of the Prince de Joinville, and two letters, one from his Aid-de-camp, dated Frigate la Belle Poule, à New-York, 21 Oct're, 1841, and the other from his private Secretary, dated Tuileries, October 14, 1843. These are on indifferent subjects, such as historic inquiries, and gifts of books for the Indians—but the conclusion of the first letter, which was written shortly after the interview at Green Bay is somewhat remarkable, both on account of its diplomatic style, natural if Mr. Williams' story be true, but otherwise out of character, and also for its invitation, for it amounts to that, of Mr. Williams to visit France.

Si jamais vous venez visiter notre France, voulez vous souvenir que S. A. R. vous recevrai avec plaisir.

Recevez, Monsieur, toutes les assurances de ma considération la plus distinguée.

Lieut. de Vaisseau V. Touchaiz.*

My purpose in the present article is not to answer objections, but to state asserted facts; there is, however, one point on which I will briefly speak. If Mr. Williams be the Dauphin, how are we to account for the particular detail given by the Duchess D'Angoulème of his death? Now the narrative of the Duchess as far as it rests upon her personal knowledge, or concerns facts, which under the circumstances she would certainly know, does not conflict at all with the theory of his history here set forth, but confirms it. "He was in a bed," she says, "which had not once been made for more than six months, and which he had not himself sufficient strength to turn: this bed was covered with fleas and bugs, of which his linen and his person were also full. He was obliged to wear the same shirt and stockings for upwards of a year; and during the whole of that time, every filth was left to accumulate in his room. His window being secured with a padlock, was not once opened." "He naturally possessed an excellent understanding, but his long imprisonment, and the horrible treatment of which he was the victim, *gradually affected his mind;* and even had he lived, *it is probable he would never have recovered the effects of it.*" Thus much she undoubtedly knew, but is it probable that while allowed for months to remain in ignorance of the deaths of her mother and aunt, she would have been informed of the exile of her brother, which was a state secret of the utmost importance, both to

* This name is written so indistinctly that I am not certain whether my version of it is correct.

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Louis XVIII. and to the Jacobins? The only information which would reach her would be that of his death. Alison states that "the barbarous treatment he had received alienated his reason." Hué writes, that the common talk among the Dauphin's enemies was, "If it happen that in some popular movement the Parisians should go to the temple to proclaim Louis XVII. king, we will show them a little fool, whose stupidity and imbecility will force them to renounce the project of placing him upon the throne." Thiers says, he "died of a tumor at the knee, arising from a scrofulous taint." I have examined in the presence of two physicians the right knee of Mr. Williams. It has on it the deep indented scars of a scrofulous tumor, and the disease must have been severe, as the leg down to the instep is blackened with it; but this affection is anterior to Mr. Williams' remembrance. His leg in boyhood was what it now is. I may here remark, that his skin where not exposed is fair and soft, and his joints remarkably small. Now it is of the utmost importance to show that Louis XVIII. did not regard the Dauphin as dead. This, I think, is conclusively done by the fact, that when, during his reign, masses were offered for the repose of the souls of those members of the Bourbon family who had perished during the revolution, the name of the Dauphin was omitted. If dead, why not have remembered him, together with Louis, Marie Antoinette, and Elizabeth? De Provence was anxious to obtain sovereignty. The Dauphin was both young and incapable in mind and body, to assert his claim to the throne. The only chance for the royalists in 1795, seemed the possession of the right of succession by a strong man. Regencies are always feeble. A regency for an unreigning King would have been incalculably so. Duty as well as interest would seem to combine in recommending junction with the republican party in the exile of the Dauphin. His sister would be kept ignorant of the fact—and once out of the way, it is not in human nature to recall a rival. The faithful Belanger might weep over him, but Louis XVIII. would only omit his name from the masses for the dead. And it seems wonderful that he did that.

Not only the physical but the mental characteristics of Mr. Williams, curiously correspond with what the Dauphin would probably be if alive, and in such a position after such a complicated career. He possesses a great amount of native talent; an easy grace and dignity of manner when in polite society, which seems innate; a winning sweetness of disposition, and much simplicity; apparently warm religious feelings; but his judgment in matters of self-interest is not of the strongest; fluent and eloquent in diction, his ideas are not always well assorted—a mystery to himself as well as to others, subject to perpetual questionings, he is sometimes abrupt—accustomed to Indian life, there is semi-barbarism mingled with courtly grace, and roving habits with warm affections;—in a word, he seems like one jumbled out of place by destiny, a partial wreck, shattered, but not broken. And the peculiarity of his character must be taken into account, in forming an estimate of his conduct, the singularity of which will create in many minds a prejudice against his veracity, since they will be unable to understand how a poor man could reject offers so splendid, or a man of the world neglect the opportunity of establishing his regal birth, which the communication of De Joinville afforded. In his situation they would have acted differently. True, but he and they are very different persons. It is but justice to say that whatever may prove the ultimate truth of his claims, the origination of them does not rest with him; unsought evidence has found him out, and new proofs are rising from unexpected quarters. He has never tried to make capital of his story. The present publication does not proceed in any way from his suggestion, though he has given his consent to it.

But I have not yet gone through all the circumstantial evidence. In May, 1795, Rochefoucauld Liancourt, having fled from France towards the end of the preceding year, set out from Philadelphia, after a residence of a few months in that city, for the ostensible purpose of travelling over the United States. On his return to France, he published a narrative of his travels in eight volumes, from which I have gathered the following particulars. Liancourt's companions were Monsieur Guillemard and a servant. Passing northward through Wilkesbarre, they went into Western New-York, and spent some time among the Indians, especially the Oneidas, of which the St. Regis Indians, as Liancourt mentions, are a portion. They then passed into Canada, still holding much intercourse with the Indians, and travelled from Niagara to Kingston. At this place, Liancourt stopped, but Guillemard proceeded to Montreal and Quebec. Returning to Western New-York, via Oswego, they again went to Oneida, where Col. de Ferrier married and resided. Leaving Oneida, Liancourt and his companions, towards the end of the year 1795, went to Albany, Troy and Saratoga, within a short

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distance of Lake George, where he must have been about the time at which, from other sources of information, it seems probable that Williams was committed to the charge of Thomas Williams, then living with his family on the borders of the lake. From Saratoga they went into Massachusetts, and passing through Worcester, spent nearly a week with what Liancourt calls "la famille Williams;" at Marlborough, near Boston. Mr. Williams was descended, he says, from a respectable English stock, and kept a tavern at Marlborough. The cause of the delay was an opportune headache with which Liancourt was attacked. To this incident he devotes a chapter, concluding his remarks by saying: "Puisse cette respectable famille jouir de tout le bonheur qu'elle mérite, ce souhait sincère et ardent sera celui de toute ma vie." After visiting Boston, they went south as far as Charleston. Returning to the north, they again visited Boston, and once more took up their quarters with "la famille Williams" at Marlborough. They must have made some stay, as Liancourt gives a particular description of the farm of Mr. Williams, which he stumped over with the old man. From Marlborough, he went to Stockbridge, Mass., where many Indians resided, and here we find him in communication with another Mr. Williams,* who was a man of considerable political influence. Now, those coincidences are certainly very singular. But further, on the 24th September, 1796, Louis Philippe sailed from the Elbe in company with his brothers, the Duc de Montpensier and Count Beaujalois, and arrived at Philadelphia after a passage of 27 days. With all convenient speed they made their way to Western New-York, and in a short time we find them in the vicinity of De Ferrier's residence. Geo. Catlin, writing from Paris, under date of Sept. 20, 1847, to J. Romeyn Brodhead, at London, says:

I have had several interviews with his majesty, in all of which he has spoken familiarly of his several years of rambles in exile in America, and related to me many of the most extraordinary and pleasing incidents of his life. These scenes occurred during their travels from Erie to Buffalo, to the villages of the Seneca Indians, from thence to Canandaigua, paddling their canoe through the whole length of the Seneca lake to Ithaca, from thence on foot with their knapsacks on their backs, to the Tioga River, where having purchased a canoe from the Indians, they descended that valley to the Susquehanna, and the latter river to the valley of Wyoming; thence on foot they crossed the Wilkesbarre and the Pokona mountains to Easton, and thence to Philadelphia. They afterwards traversed the Alleghany mountains to Pittsburg, and having there purchased a small boat, descended the Ohio and the Mississippi to New Orleans.

At this place, be it remembered, was Belanger, and it is quite within the range of possibility, that Louis Philippe may have conversed with him, so that all the undeniable historic incidents harmonize with those which I have collected, and show how probable it is that the citizen-king was fully acquainted with the whereabouts of his kinsman.

Let me now, at the risk of wearying the reader, collect and group together the scattered points of evidence which I have recited nearly in the order that they have come to my knowledge, and endeavor to determine what is their exact bearing.

We have here before us the following asserted facts:

1st. That the Prince de Joinville, on his arrival in the country, inquired for Mr. Williams, and sought and obtained an interview with him at Green Bay, in which, after demanding a conditional pledge of secrecy, he required of him a resignation of the crown of France, as its legitimate heir, in favor of Louis Philippe, and afterwards corresponded with him through his secretaries.

2d. That after the Prince's return, Louis Philippe wrote with his own hand to Mr. Williams.

3d. That Belanger, in 1848, confessed when dying, that he brought the Dauphin to this country.

4th. That the French ambassador, Genet, in the presence of Dr. Francis and others, acknowledged that the Dauphin was both alive and in this country, and in the State of New-York in 1817.

5th. That Le Ray de Chaumont who, according to Genet's statement, was acquainted with the affair, had much dealing with the Indians in the neigborhood where Mr. Williams was brought up, once in conversation with him, made a remote allusion to the Dauphin.

6th. That Col. de Ferrier one of the body guard of Louis XVI. married, and resided among the Indians at Oneida, where a considerable part of Mr. Williams' life was spent, and that he and Le Ray believed a member of Louis XVIth's family, to be in an indigent condition in America.

7th. That the Abbé de Colonne, resident at Trois Rivieres near Caughnawaga, believed the Dauphin to be alive, and in

* This was Col. Ephraim Williams, founder of Williams' College, Mass., and a member of the English branch of the Williams family, from which Thos. Williams was descended.

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America, and that Bishop Chevreuse did the same.

8th. That efforts were made to induce Mr. Williams to return to the Romish Communion, of a nature only explicable on the supposition of his being a more than ordinary person.

9th. That the name of Eleazer Williams is not on the baptismal register at Caughnawaga.

10th. That he has none of the characteristics of an Indian.

11th. That he closely resembles Louis XVIII.

12th. That various marks on his body, correspond exactly with those known to have been on the body of the Dauphin.

13th. That the name of the Dauphin was omitted from the solemnities for the departed Bourbons, in the reign of Louis XVIII.

14th. That the Indian woman, his reputed mother, does not acknowledge him to be her child.

15th. That boxes of clothing and medals of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette, were left with the child, one of which is still in Mr. Williams' possession.

16th. That an unknown Frenchman came to see Mr. Williams in youth, and wept over him.

17th. That his board and tuition were regularly paid at Dr. Ely's, when it is known that his reputed father had neither means nor inclination to do so.

18th. That Williams remembers a conversation, on the subject of his education, between Thomas Williams and his wife, in which it was stated that means were provided for the purpose, and another between Thomas Williams and Vanderheyden, in which the fact of a French boy being committed to the care of the former in 1795, was mentioned.

19th. That he recognized the portraits of Simon the jailer, and of Madame Elizabeth, when unexpectedly placed before him by Prof. Day.

20th. That Williams was idiotic at the age of 13 or 14.

21st. That the Dauphin at the age of ten, was reduced to the same condition by ill-treatment.

22d. That since the recovery of his reason, faint dreamy remembrances of the past have returned to the mind of Mr. W. corresponding to known scenes in the Dauphin's history.

23d. That a decree for the banishment of the son of Louis XVI., passed the French Convention in 1794.

24th. That the President and Ecclesiastical dignitaries of France, have written to Mr. Williams, making inquiries concerning his history.

25th. That there have been various attempts to personate the Dauphin.

26th. That Rochefoucauld Liancourt was at Oneida, Albany and Saratoga, in 1795, under circumstances which create suspicion of his having some agency in the transaction,—and also in close communication with various persons of the name of Williams,—and that shortly after, Louis Philippe and his brothers were among the Indians in Western New-York, and also in New Orleans, in the vicinity of Belanger.

27th. That the Rev. Eleazer Williams, has been for 26 years a laborious Missionary, in the Protestant Episcopal Church, and is at present a Clergyman in good standing.

Now there can be no question, that if all these points could be proved, the irresistible conclusion would be that Louis XVII. and the Rev. Eleazer Williams are identical. Even in the imperfect degree in which I know and have stated them, they would carry conviction with them; much more if brought out in detail with all attendant circumstances.

Questions of identity are among the most difficult, and interesting with which law is conversant. The settlement of them requires varied and peculiar evidence. The negative and the affirmative have both to be clearly shown. Two apparently different things must be demonstrated to be one. Resemblances must be proved to be not accidental, but inherent to the degree of sameness.

Where the utmost stretch of human ingenuity has been used for concealment; where more than half a century has passed since the supposed divergence of a life from its natural line; where evidence, scanty at the best, has been destroyed, both purposely and negligently, absolute demonstration perhaps cannot be attained; but we may reach, even under such circumstances, a degree of moral certainty second only to demonstration, and amply sufficient to enable a sound mind to render a decisive verdict, satisfactory to the intellect and the conscience.

Now prove to me the truth of all that I have alleged as asserted and probable, and no course would be left but to pronounce such a judgment in favor of identity; for the evidence before us goes to show, I apprehend, exactly what it is requisite to have shown.

1st. That Louis XVII. did not die in 1795.

2d. That he was carried to the region in which Mr. Williams spent his youth.

3d. That Mr. Williams is not an Indian; and,

4th. That Mr. Williams is Louis XVII.

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These are the four propositions which the case presents for proof,—a negative and an affirmative one with reference to each character under which one and the same individual has at different times and places appeared.

The testimony is multiform, direct, indirect, documentary, circumstantial; but notwithstanding its exceedingly varied nature, it is wonderfully consistent. It would require extreme ability to fabricate it out of nothing—the utmost mendacity and hardihood, to build it up on a baseless foundation.

The history involves many most curious inquiries into human motive among persons in the most widely different positions in life. It would be impossible without writing a volume to do justice to these. I will just indicate one or two.

Mr. Williams asserts that the Prince de Joinville told him in the manner I have described, that he is the son of Louis XVI. Now here is the direct testimony of a responsible person to a simple fact. The assertion is either true or false. If false, it involves the degradation of Mr. Williams from the ministry. If true, it settles the whole question of identity, unless we can imagine it possible that the Prince de Joinville took the trouble of travelling from Paris to Green Bay to speak at random, or to tell a falsehood on a subject of paramount importance to himself and to France. It is not supposable that such a person would say and do what he is asserted by Mr. Williams to have said and done, without having previously attained to the last degree of conviction pertaining to the possibility of human convictions, and moreover without being vested with authority from Louis Philippe himself to make the disclosure; and thus his words issued from the innermost arcana of France, proving that not a day elapsed from June, 1795, in which some watchful eye did not keep knowledge of the exiled Prince. On the other hand, what possible inducement can there be for Mr. Williams to say what is untrue on this subject? The clergy of the Protestant Episcopal Church value their commission too highly to throw it away by telling unmeaning falsehoods tending to nothing but disgrace and ruin. Mr. Williams is, I know, a sane, sober-minded practical man, who has had all his life to deal with the sternest realities, and I believe he speaks words of truth and soberness. He has not the capacity to invent such a dramatic scene as that between him and the Prince, and if he has, he might long ago have turned it to account. What conceivable motive can such a man have to fabricate an airy and vain fiction, that he, the poor Indian missionary, is the descendant of long lines of European kings, and that a prince royal of France, now living, and who can be brought face to face with him, told him so. Again, if Mr. Williams' statement be correct, the motives of Louis Philippe in making the disclosure are a problem. I am inclined to believe that pity and commiseration entered largely into them. At the same time Belanger was living, and De Ferrier, and Le Ray. The secret was known in Canada, and the citizen-king may, as Mr. Williams writes me, have "seen an object in that quarter, who might sooner or later be an obstacle to his ambitious views, and defeat the permanency of his throne, and the securing of the same to his family." As to the improbability that a poor man like Williams would reject, on a point of honor, offers so splendid and liberal, I own, it is great; but his own explanation of his feelings is before the reader, and nothing but the regally proud and romantic heroism it displays, so rare in this age, renders it incredible.

Nearly equal in importance with any point in the evidence, is the early idiocy of Mr. Williams corresponding with the condition in which the Dauphin is known to have been. It goes far to substantiate the truth of the story, for since Williams could not have been born an idiot, there must have been some fearful facts lying at the basis of his history to reduce him to such a condition. In all recorded cases in which the memory has been destroyed by sudden injury to the brain, the whole chain of lost knowledge has been brought back as by an electric shock. But in this case the destruction of memory was not sudden, but owing to the benumbing process of a long series of sufferings, mental and bodily, which took away the power of perception, and weakened that of retention. The soul fell into a merciful sleep, and when it again awakened, there was nothing to recall except a few vague ideas and one terrible image of the past, which was burnt into his soul. A draught of Lethe gave to one man two lives. Born the second time without birth, he who died a prince was regenerated a beggar, and the heir of kings surviving his own death, and the overthrow of his race, is metamorphosed into a red man, and having been baptized by a Romish bishop amid the pageantries of a European Court, lives to preach the Gospel in America fifty-seven years after his exile. Republics, constitutions, kingdoms, and an empire, have, during that space, been overthrown. They who moved and ruled them have passed away, and the present occupant of Versailles and the Tuileries

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may follow them, while the veteran missionary is still in possession of his wigwam on the St. Lawrence.

Complicated and mysterious as this matter is, it has a fearful simplicity when brought to a direct issue between Mr. Williams and the Prince de Joinville. The latter has the reputation of being a high-minded and honorable gentleman, and I trust will act openly and candidly on a question of so much importance.

Since writing the above, I have again seen the Rev. Eleazer Williams. He went to St. Lawrence county after our last interview, in order to procure some engravings and other things, which might throw light upon the affair, and I requested him to search his journal, to discover what record he had made at the time of his conversations with the Prince. On his return to New-York, he arrived at my house on the 24th December; assisted me in the communion, on Christmas day, and preached for me on the following Sunday. His sermon, as an intelligent auditor remarked, was characterized by sound common sense. The more I have seen of him, I have been more deeply impressed with his piety, his sincerity, truthfulness, and simplicity of character; and I beg here to say, I can now see no reasonable ground to question the entire accuracy of his statements; and, while I can scarcely imagine that the Prince de Joinville, as a gentleman, and a man of honor, will deny the facts asserted, I should not, under the circumstances, deem such denial as a refutation of the story of my reverend friend. I subjoin a copy, made by me, from the original of the journal kept by Mr. Williams, of his interview with the Prince de Joinville; and, to feel its weight as evidence, I must inform the reader that since the year 1808, he has kept a diary of every thing which happened to him, amounting to many volumes. From a close examination of the MS., it is evident that the portion relating to his first conversations with the Prince was written anterior to the allusions made to the revelation of his birth; and that at first he had no other idea than that he was merely recording an interesting meeting with an eminent individual.

JOURNAL, 1841.

"Mackinac, October 16, Saturday.

The steamer arrived here at two o'clock, P. M. My son is somewhat indisposed, and on that account I am more willing to remain here, until the Green Bay boat comes.

I have had a pleasant interview with the Rev. Mr. Coit, of the Congregationalist Church. Mr. C. has spent his time much among the Chippeway Indians. In his labors of love he has been successful. I trust many souls have been converted under his ministry. Evening. It is proposed to have the Divine Service to-morrow at the Presbyterian Meeting-house. In the morning I am to officiate.

Mackinac, October 17, Sunday Evening.

I performed the service this morning—all the gentlemen of the garrison, the soldiers and the citizens of the place were in attendance. My subject was upon Apostasy, which gave great offence to Mr. ——. I find he has been excommunicated for his apostasy. Truth will have its own weight upon the guilty conscience. Rev. Mr. Coit preached this afternoon to the same congregation; his discourse was well adapted to the occasion, and was heard with much attention. Several gentlemen of the place called upon me this evening, and I had a pleasant interview with them. I am invited to administer holy Baptism to-morrow morning.

Two soldiers called and asked for Prayer-books. I was only able to give them one, which was accompanied with some tracts.

My son is much better—still complains of pain in the head. May God give him grace to be submissive to his Divine will.

On Lake Michigan, October 18.

Monday.—The regular steamer for Green Bay (for which we have been waiting) arrived in the port of Mackinac to-day, at twelve o'clock. His royal highness, Prince de Joinville, and his suite, were among the passengers. On landing, the Prince and his party went immediately to visit the Arch Rock. In the mean time I had an interview with Captain Shook, of the steamer, who stated that the Prince had made inquiries of him, two or three times since leaving Buffalo, about Mr. Williams, the missionary to the Indians at Green Bay, and that as he knew no other gentleman in that capacity excepting myself, I must be the person, the object of his inquiry. I replied, That cannot be, Captain. He must mean another person, as I have no acquaintance with the Prince.

I shall now inform the Prince, said the Captain, that there is a gentleman on board, of the same name as that of his inquiry, who is a missionary to the Indians at Green Bay. Upon this, the Captain left me, and in about half an hour he returned, and was followed by a gentleman, to whom I was introduced as the Prince de Joinville. I was struck at the manner of his salutation. He appeared to be surprised and amazed, as he grasped both of his hands with mine, which was accompanied with strong and cheering gratulations of his having had an opportunity to meet me, and that upon the surface of one of the inland seas in the Western world. "Amazing sight!" he continued, "it is what I have wished to see for this long time. I trust I shall not be intruding too much on your feelings and patience, were I to ask some questions in relation to your past and present life among the Indians. We, the Europeans, to satisfy curiosity are sometimes too inquisitive. But I presume, Rev. sir,

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it will be a pleasure to you to satisfy the curiosity of the stranger now before you, who is travelling over the country and lakes which were first discovered by our forefathers." His eyes were intently fixed upon me—eyeing my person from the crown of my head to the sole of my feet.

The Prince in his cursory remarks upon the first adventures of the French in these western wilds was interesting. He spoke of La Salles, Fathers Hennepin, and Marquette (the latter, the first discoverer of the river Mississippi), in strains of commendation, as men of great courage, and possessing the spirit of enterprise in an unparalleled degree.

He spoke also with regret of the loss of Canada to France. He would attribute this to the want of energy and foresight in the ministry, that France would have easily, at that period sent twenty thousand men into Canada, to maintain her possessions in that quarter, as her naval force was then nearly equal to that of England.

October 19, *Thursday.*—This morning the Prince resumed his observations upon the French Revolution—its rise, its progress, and its effects upon France, and more particularly to the United States, which were affecting and touching in the extreme. The awful catastrophe that fell upon France, the dissolution of the royal family, and the destruction of the king, he strongly asserted originated from the American revolution, and that the people in the United States can never be too grateful to the unfortunate Louis XVI., for his powerful interposition in their behalf. "It is very evident," said he, "they do not duly appreciate the aid he afforded them in the day of distress. It is very evident also, that, from the very day when the Court of Versailles formed an alliance with America, the operations of the British against them were paralyzed; the naval force of France rendered more essential service to their cause than her land force. The Atlantic sea was soon covered with ships-of-war and privateers; these were a formidable barrier against England in sending her troops and munitions of war to America. In this war France lost thirty-five thousand men and twenty-five ships of the line. But for these powerful aids no monuments are raised to perpetuate their memory. Louis XVI. ought to be placed next to General Washington as a liberator of the American people. His interference in their behalf is attributed altogether to his political finesse and his hatred to England; hence he is not entitled to their praise or thanks. But, Rev. sir, were the American people duly to consider the important aid he gave them in their struggle with the mother country, its happy result, and the dreadful catastrophe that fell upon his government, his family, and himself; he would truly and justly be considered as a martyr to American independence. The king encountered an opposition from the Count de Vergennes and the Court, when he took the suffering cause of the Americans in hand. He was moved by the representations of the American commissioners, and the Queen was no less urgent to save the sinking cause of the American people. My grandfather and father were present when the last struggle took place between the King and the ministry upon the article of alliance with the United Colonies of America. That day—it was a happy day for Americans—but for the King, it was the day of his death! Yes, Rev. sir, on that day, when the King put his name to the instrument, he sealed his death-warrant. The ingratitude of the American people towards the King's memory, is one of the darkest stains upon the stars and stripes of the American flag and independence."

This afternoon the Prince expressed his wish to take my son with him to France for an education. In connection with this he was informed that we had an infant who had not yet received baptism. He readily consented to stand as a godfather, and would give the name of his mother to the child. But, alas! on my first landing I received the melancholy intelligence that the lovely babe was in her grave—buried on the preceding Sunday, service performed by the Rev. Mr. Porter, of the Congregationalist Church. When the news was communicated to the Prince he appeared to sympathize with me, and remarked, taking me by the hand, "Descendant of a suffering race, may you be supported in this affliction."

About ten o'clock, the Prince was pleased to enter into his remarks more particularly, upon the family of the unfortunate king, which were, at first, with me, somewhat curious and interesting; but as he proceeded in his narration, my feelings were greatly excited, as it filled my inward soul with poignant grief and sorrow, which were inexpressible. The intelligence was not only new but awful in its nature. To learn, for the first time, that I am connected by consanguinity with those whose history I had read with so much interest; and for whose sufferings in prison, and the manner of their deaths, I had moistened my cheeks with sympathetic tears. Is it so? Is it true, that I am among the number, who are thus destined to such degradation—from a mighty power to a helpless prisoner of the state—from a palace to a prison and dungeon—to be exiled from one of the finest empires in Europe, and to be a wanderer in the wilds of America—from the society of the most polite and accomplished courtiers, to be associated with the ignorant and degraded Indians? Degraded as they are, as to civilization and polite arts, yet I am consoled at the idea, that I am among the lords of the soil of this western continent, who are as precious in the sight of Heaven as the usurpers of their territories! O my God, am I thus destined! "Thy will be done." To be informed that I had rights in Europe, and one of these was to be the first over a mighty kingdom; and this right is now demanded of me,

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to surrender, for an ample and splendid establishment. The intelligence was so unexpected, my mind was paralyzed for a moment; it was overwhelming to my feelings. There was a tremor in my whole system, accompanied with a cold perspiration. The Prince saw my agitation, and left the room, with an excuse, for ten or fifteen minutes.

A splendid parchment was spread before me for signature, to be affixed with the stamp and seal of Louis XVI. After consideration of several hours, weighing the subject with much and cool deliberation, it was respectfully refused. In those awful and momentous moments, it was happy that my mind was carried to the similar proposition and offers made to Louis XVIII., by Napoleon, in 1802. Being impelled from a sense of duty to sustain the honor of kings for centuries, the same answer was given, "Though I am in poverty, sorrow and exile, I shall not sacrifice my honor."

Gracious God! What scene am I passing through this night? Is it in reality, or a dream? My refusal to the demand made of me, I am sure can be no earthly good to me, but I save my honor, and it may be for the benefit of the generations yet unborn. It is the will of Heaven. I am in a state of obscurity. So shall I remain while in this pilgrimage state. I will endeavor, with all humility, to serve the King of Heaven, and to advance his holy cause among the ignorant and benighted people, which has been my delight.

Although the unexpected intelligence is a new source of trouble, which is already working in my inward soul with inexpressible sorrow, which will accompany me to my grave; yet I trust, that Almighty arm, which has hitherto "preserved me, will now sustain me. To the God of my salvation I fly for comfort and consolation, in this hour of distress. Let Christ be all and in all. Saviour of the world, have mercy upon thy unworthy servant," and for the glory of thy name, turn from him all those evils that he most justly has deserved; and grant, that in all his troubles, he may put his whole trust and confidence in thy mercy, and ever more serve thee in holiness and pureness of living, to thy honor and glory. "For with God nothing is impossible." All that I have heard I will lay up in my heart, with the greatest secrecy.

October 20, *Wednesday.*—The Prince and suite left Green Bay yesterday, at twelve o'clock, and lodged last night at Capt. John McCarty's, on the opposite side of the river to my residence. It rained all the afternoon.

The adieus between the Prince and myself were affectionate; he promised to write me, on his arrival at New-York. The gentlemen officers presented me with their cards; were urgent to give them a call, should I ever visit France. May the best blessing of Heaven rest upon the whole party.

Upon this journal I will make no comment.

Before I conclude this article, which has already far exceeded the limits designed, I must briefly allude to the various endeavors which have been made to personate the Dauphin. An interesting account is given of these in the Home Journal of December 25, 1852, to which I would refer the reader for fuller information. Scarcely had Louis XVII. disappeared from the Temple than an impostor presented himself at Chalons, and claimed the honors due to the unfortunate prince. His name was Hervagault, the son of a tailor in the village of St. Lo, and the department of La Manche. A runaway, a vagrant, a convicted cheat and swindler, his baseless tale, plausible manners and assurance, gained him numerous adherents; and though repeatedly imprisoned for his crimes and imposture, continued until death, which soon occurred, his course of debauchery and falsehood; maintaining, with his last breath, the truth of his story, which was not sustained by a particle of evidence.

Between the first and second pretenders there was one curious coincidence. Hervagault, previous to assuming the name of the Dauphin, had represented himself as the son of a French noble, and his successor in falsehood, Maturin Bruneau, appeared first on the stage as the child of the Baron de Vezin; convicted of deception, he entered the army, served in America, deserted, and after various wanderings found his way back to France, in 1815, where he also set up as king, and met with unprecedented success.

But money and luxuries and homage soon led to a prison, and being convicted on trial of imposition, he disappeared from public sight, and history does not record his end.

Herr Neundorf, the Duke of Normandy, as he styled himself, whose career of deception is within the memory of most persons, came forward during the reign of Louis Philippe, as a new claimant for the headship of the Bourbons. Like his predecessors, he had no evidence to support his pretensions, for clairvoyance and mesmerism can scarcely be termed such. Foolish attempts to assassinate him gave him an importance which he would not otherwise have had. Banished to England, he lived there from 1838 to 1844, when, having withdrawn to Delft, he ended together his life and his deception.

Now, all these attempts to personate the Dauphin, and the success which for a time attended them, show one thing, viz., the uncertainty which hangs about the fate of the unfortunate Prince, and the general public impression in France that he was still alive. Had his death been an ascertained

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fact, there would have been no room and no encouragement for imposture. There may be persons who will attempt to confound the case of the Rev. Eleazer Williams with these, but I think that no candid and discerning mind will do so. The sacred profession, the life, and the peculiar history of Mr. Williams, all place his claims for public consideration upon an entirely different basis. And let me again exonerate him from any share in the origination of the present publication. He has kindly afforded me facilities in collecting information on this interesting topic, but not without much reluctance, at the publicity to which it will subject him, and the incredulity with which, in many quarters, his statements may be met. For years, he did not even mention to his wife the disclosures of the Prince de Joinville, and I believe that I am the first person who has seen his journal. But a feeling of duty to the world at large induces him to communicate, as fully as possible, all that he himself knows upon the subject, leaving the result, for good or for evil, to the all-wise disposal of Providence. Many motives of a private nature combine to render it desirable that nothing should have been said at present on the subject; but these are overruled by other considerations, foremost among which is the importance, that no further time should be lost in the plain and bold statement—*challenging inquiry and refutation*—of all that may throw light upon this most curious and interesting historical problem. The disclosures are made frankly, fearlessly, and in good faith; and I trust they will be met in the same spirit. To all that I have written I say, in the name of God, Amen.

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